What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of *Herford*, boy?
H. Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H.P. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhall ripen and confirme
To more approued ſeruice and deſart.
Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure,
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what ſturre
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of Warre?
H.P. There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of name and noble eſtimation.
Nor. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with ſpurring, fierie red with haſt.
Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traitour: all my treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.
Roſſe. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord.
Wil. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bull. Euermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere?
Nor. It is my Lord of Barkeley, as I gueſſe.
Barck. My Lord of *Herford*, my meſſage is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,

And